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Bush Negroes
Jamaica

would be more serious yet, an evil spirit who would be lying in wait for a soul to use as emissary in his affairs of black magic, would snatch at the soul and take it away. If this happened, a person would sicken, languish, and die. Sometimes when a man tripped on the clayey bank, we heard him exclaim, "*Agó*—Ancestors!" calling on these to protect him until he recovered his balance. But often we heard different cries. "Mi, Awana!" one man had called. "Mi, Nyamfai!" or, "Mi, Matchau!" or "Mi, Popoto!" These are all clan names, and for a time we assumed that instead of appealing to their ancestors, they called on the entire clan to come to their aid. But one day Sedefo lost his footing, and we heard him exclaim, "Mi, Fandaki!" Now we knew that Sedefo belonged to the clan of the Gankwe people, and we knew, further, that he was most emphatically not of the Fandaki clan.

"Sedefo, you are not a Fandaki. Why did you call on them?"

"My father belongs to the Fandaki. When we slip we call on our father's lo."

"Why, Sedefo?"

"I do not know. . . . "

Another day we were sitting and talking to a young man in an upper river village. A girl came and sat with us. "This is my sister," the man said. It was at a time when we were looking into these matters, and we asked, "Did the same mother make you both?"

"No," he answered, "she is here only on a visit. She lives across the river. Her father is my mother's brother."

"But she is not your sister, then," we said. "She does not even belong to your clan."

"Massa Neng'e! But she is my sister!" the man protested. "She is neither of my family, nor of my clan. But did not my mother's brother make her?"

"Could you marry her?"

He considered for a moment. "It would be possible. But it would not be good. . . . And the old women in the village would talk too much."